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Art On The Cheap

Hockey cards for artsy types, pages 6 & 7

Cover Art by Alanna Wood

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Easy rider: bike bursaries available for peddlers

photo by Nic Hume

Fourth-year environmental studies student Ben Clark scavenges parts from a bike "beyond help."

by Jennifer McFee

This September, the student union will kick off the fall term by giving out bike bursaries to deserving UVic students as part of a volunteer-based pilot project that combines cycling with recycling.

The UVic SPOKES Bicycle Bursary Program, which began as a student term project for an Environmental Studies class, will award 25 undergraduate students with bikes, helmets, locks, and lights to use for one academic year. At the end of the year, the bikes will be recycled and re-awarded to another 25 undergrads. Bursary recipients will also receive training in safety, commuter cycling, and bike repairs.

SPOKES, or Student Promotion of Kickstands Etc. Salvaging, began as the vision of five UVic students after a class visit to the Hartland Landfill. They discovered that about 1,000 repairable bikes are sent to the scrap heap each year. The students salvaged many bikes during a donation drive and repaired them with the help of volunteer mechanics. Community members from across the Capital Regional District have also donated bikes to the program.

Angie Connelly, one of the student founders of SPOKES, said that she encourages everyone to take a trip to the landfill to develop environmental awareness. "Going to the landfill really opened my eyes. There's no reason why any bikes in this city should be brought to the landfill."

"There's more to it than just waste," she added, "because bikes are a form of transportation that encourage a healthy lifestyle and a conscientious way of living, especially when considering the environment. Hopefully SPOKES can encourage people to think about this. I think that's a huge part of community building."

Sarah Webb, UVic SPOKES co-ordinator, said that the program has already received an overwhelming response from the community. "They've been so generous. Lots of people like the opportunity to help out. It's all about getting people together, raising awareness, and lowering consumption."

"This is an exciting project for the university because it contributes to the transportation demand strategy. It reduces traffic congestion and reduces the amount of space needed for parking," said Webb.

According to a 2000 survey, 5.5 per cent of students, staff, and faculty bike to UVic. Webb is optimistic that the SPOKES program will help to increase the number of student cyclists. "The program is designed to grow and expand," she said. "It enables us to think long term. There's no reason why in two years time, we can't give out 250 bike bursaries."

Webb said that undergrad students can get involved in the program by volunteering as mechanics or in promotions. SPOKES is also currently looking for volunteers with trucks to help pick-up bikes.

SPOKES bicycle bursary applications will be available on campus from September 7 to September 17. Bursaries will be awarded on September 23 outside of the University Centre.

For more information about the UVic SPOKES Bicycle Bursary Program, contact Sarah Webb at 721-7355.

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Car co-op gears up for membership drive

VCSC looks to increase membership on campus

by Jeb Gordon

photo by Jeb Gordon

Cory Water, Executive Director of City Green, directs traffic as 25 students stuff into a minivan out front of the SUB as part of the car share challenge in June.

After lending my truck to a friend last year, I arrived to pick it up at the end of the day. He was clutching a nearly empty bottle of whiskey in his hand and my truck's motor was spewing water faster than a geyser. That day I swore off lending a vehicle ever again.

Unlike me, UVic student Sarah Webb hopes to encourage people to share cars.

As a coordinator for the UVic Sustainability Project (UVSP), she is working with the Victoria Car Share Co-operative (VCSC) to help raise the organization's profile on campus. The VCSC is a non-profit organization that operates a fleet of vehicles that members are able to use.

The VCSC was established in 1996 for people who occasionally need a car. Webb was part of the original membership drive to add a car to the UVic campus in 2002. That idea was brought to fruition last January, with the addition of a blue Honda Civic at UVic. The VCSC currently operates five other vehicles in downtown Victoria, James Bay, Fairfield, Fernwood and Oak Bay.

According to Webb, members join the VCSC for financial or environmental reasons. Car sharing can make owning a car affordable for those who otherwise couldn't afford one, while encouraging the use of public transit, biking or walking for daily transportation needs.

Cars will be on display at UVic as part of the Earth Festival September 3 and again on the 23 as part of Clean Air Day. Webb hopes to see enough interest to add a second vehicle to campus. "I think cluster housing would be a perfect location to add a second vehicle. They're a perfect demographic," adds Webb. Since the VCSC offers a group membership that is usable by up to four people, Webb says the divisions made in cluster housing fit with these group memberships and hopes the VCSC can help fulfill their transportation needs.

According to Tara Thompkins, marketing director for the VCSC, each car needs to generate $600 per month to be sustainable. Thus for UVic to sustain two vehicles in the co-op, a combined minimum of $1,200 per month would be needed year-round. Since this continuous revenue could be difficult to maintain with the transitory lives of students, Thompkins hopes to attract more faculty and staff to the program.

The car share co-operative currently has a fleet of six vehicles, four cars, a minivan and one truck. Thompkins says the truck is the most popular vehicle for members who need to transport garden supplies, furniture or pets. The ability to access either a car, van or truck, as you need and at an equal cost, is one of the appeals of the VCSC.

"You have access to what you need. Like say if you need a truck to help move," says Webb. When asked about the availability of cars, she added that "unless you are looking for a specific car, you can usually book a car the night before."

Webb says the co-op has helped her re-think how she uses a car. "It forces you to think about your driving and not make five short trips to the store in a day."

The VCSC also has an agreement with Co-operative Auto Network (CAR), based in Vancouver, that allows members to access cars from the other's fleet. CAR currently has a fleet of 64 vehicles located around Greater Vancouver.

For more information on the VCSC visit http://victoriacarshare.ca

SSD reopens doors, looks to remove barriers

by Mary Hughes

There is a table with a yellow tablecloth, a blue glass lamp and several drinking glasses inside the Society for Students with a Disability (SSD) office. A small blue flier hangs in one of the windows in the door. The white paper that lined the windows is gone.

The advocacy group, which has been closed for the past year because of a lack of members, is now open again.

Sitting in her office, University of Victoria Student Society Chair Jude Coates talks enthusiastically about the revitalization of the SSD, whose office is nestled between the Royal Bank machine across from the Pharmacy and the elevator access in the SUB.

Coates makes it clear that the UVSS-SSD is separate from the university's own disability resource centre.

"Our emphasis will be helping people to express their needs and helping us all come to a greater understanding about ability," she says. "We want to help people to communicate in order to understand each other better, because we are all so differently abled."

Some of the objectives of the new UVSS-SSD include increasing public education, improving refuge areas and making the campus, like the Cornett building, more accessible for people with disabilities.

Last week, the UVSS-SSD held an open house to encourage new members to come out. "We made some very important connections which we expect will propel into action campaigns on campus," says Coates.

The UVSS-SSD will have a table set up on clubs days on September 10 and 11 and will be holding an Annual General Meeting in the early October.

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NEWS

Critics of equity report call for action, not words

by Briony Smith

A report on fairness and equity commissioned by UVic earlier this year is being criticized by student representatives as too abstract and lacking a student perspective. Other members of the campus community fear that changes could be made to UVic's mandate without adaquate public consultation.

The report was produced by three human resource and equity specialists called in from other Canadian universities in February. Over three days they reviewed 33 presentations and 28 written submissions. The report was made public in late June. According to UVic President David Turpin, it was produced because "in order to ensure an environment where people can fulfill their potential, it is important to consider our principles of equity and fairness."

Erik Haensel, UVSS director of academics, is concerned the report is based on theoretical feedback, rather than the day-to-day conflicts of equity and fairness that arise.

"It is an abstract document which speaks about issues in a very general sense, despite the large cross-section of the university that it is trying to represent," he said.

Martine Conway, the university ombudsperson, echoes Haensel's concern about the vagueness of the report, especially surrounding the recommendations for action. "Most of the suggestions are not expressed in terms of the 'hows' of the situation," she said.

However, she added the responsibility for providing feedback to the university lies in the hands of students, faculty, and staff.

"It wasn't the role of the panel to explain how to [execute equity and fairness on campus] but to point to areas that need to be developed. It is up to the people on campus to make the report precise rather than theoretical."

Roshni Narain is the co-coordinator of the Open UVic Resource Sexual Assault Centre, one campus group that spoke before the panel. "A lot of the recommendations are sufficiently vague so that the university can either use it as a working document or hide behind a lot of the issues while still maintaining the spirit of the report. The problem with [the report] is that the university can do nothing and still be supportive of the document."

The report evaluated three areas: integrations in offices and mandates, policies, and educational equity. Its discussion on the final item, which deals with curriculum development and services for students from marginalized groups, is the most brief. This irks Haensel. "The area that supposedly concentrates on students makes no attempt to view the matter from a student perspective," he said. "Judging from its placement at the end of the report, the student issues component seems like an afterthought."

One of the things that Haensel hopes that the report will encourage within the administration is a redoubling of efforts in advertising services that are already in place for students, such as the Ombudsperson's office. He would like to see a central location where one person is responsible for directing students to the appropriate representative, such as the Pride office or the Ombudsperson. "It is of the utmost importance that there is a call for the university to become more proactive in issues of equity and fairness. There is a real need to remove barriers to diverse methods of teaching, knowing, and being."

In response, Turpin said the very act of commissioning the report was proactive. "We were proactive by taking that initiative: it wasn't required, but something we wanted to do. There's nothing fundamentally 'broken.' We wanted to do better and needed to see how to go about it," he said.

Despite concerns, Turpin stresses that any changes to the university's policies, mandate, and structures regarding equity and fairness will be made after absorbing the community's feedback about the report. "It is important that students, faculty, and staff share their thoughts and that we hear from individuals and groups that there is broad support for the recommendations. Before we act on the recommendations, it's important that we go out and talk to people. [The panel] was only here for a short time and there were many things they might not have got right." Although he admits that the biggest challenge is that this will all take time, he is excited about "moving towards an environment in which equity and fairness are part of what we do and are integrated with all the decisions we make and with all elements of the university."

on the spot

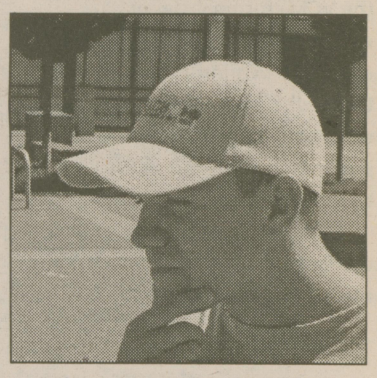
Truth or dare?

(The post-nuclear fallout *On The Spot*)

Existential naval-gazing by Rich Cole and John Thompson. Photos by Jeb Gordon.

Ourselves

John: What the hell? Where are all the people? Isn't this a universty campus?
Rich: Maybe we should just interview each other?
John: I hate to get philisophical, but if On The Spot happens and no-one is around to interview...does it make a sound?
Rich: You're right. There's no point man.
John: There's no point to anything.
Rich: I'm going to go read some Camus and think about nothing.
John: No, hold on. I see some people.



Mr. Cole, swimming laps in the pool that is his mind.

Sue Pell
Sociology graduate

Sue: Truth.
John: What do you think of *The Martlet*?
Sue: I haven't read it very often. That's the truth. I don't know. It seems like it's pretty good for a campus newspaper.
John: What about On the Spot?
Sue: It's okay. This is an intense day to be put on the spot. I have my defence today.
John: Jesus. Really?
Sue: Yeah, so I guess I'll be on the spot all day.
Rich: It's a good warmup.

Marc Fournet
MBA

Marc: I'll go with truth.
John: Okay, which is it: *Monday* or *The Martlet*?
Marc: That's a tough one. (long pause.) I'll go with *The Martlet*.
Rich: Is it cuz we're here?
Marc: No.... Ah, it's more campus oriented, so I like that a lot better. And I like the cartoons.
John: Well, would you like to see Rich Cole swimming in the fountain?
Marc: Yeah, it'd be great.
John: Well, we're not going to have an easy time doing it.
Rich: (laughs.) I'll put on my speedo.

USED USED USED

Forest fires devastate B.C. communities

by Stephen Hui

KAMLOOPS, B.C. (CUP) — After forest fires in British Columbia's Interior forced thousands out of their communities this summer, most evacuees have returned home.

As authorities lifted evacuation orders, many evacuees discovered that fire fighters' efforts had spared their residences. Others were not so lucky.

The McLure-Barriere fire wiped out the town of Louis Creek, north of Kamloops. It destroyed 67 homes and caused damages estimated at more than $8.2 million. A volunteer fire fighter's carelessly discarded cigarette sparked that blaze, which now covers over 19,000 hectares and is 50 per cent contained.

Two other major fires in the Kamloops area — the Cedar and Strawberry hill blazes — are completely behind fire control lines.

Although forest fires currently do not pose an immediate threat to communities, lives, or homes, authorities are cautioning that the level of danger remains high. There are still almost 900 active fires in B.C. and lightning strikes continue to ignite more every day.

"We need to all recognize that severe drought and fuel dryness is here and it will be with us well into the fall," Denis Gaudry, manager of the Kamloops Fire Centre, told McLure-Barriere evacuees gathered for a town hall meeting. "With that — if we get increases in temperature, if we get low relative humidities again, and we get wind — we can be back at what we've just come through."

Lots of hot spots and trees with damaged root systems mean that even fires in the mop up stage could prove hazardous for some time to come.

"It could burn underground for a long time and that's why we're going to be here until October," Garry Horley, a fire information officer with the B.C. Forest Service, said during a media tour of the Strawberry Hill fire.

Earlier this month, the B.C. government declared a province-wide state of emergency to support the intense fire fighting effort. About 2,000 fire fighters are battling blazes across the province. Canadian troops are also engaged in fire control operations.

Fire fighters saved Annette Devich's home. The Rayleigh resident evacuated her house the afternoon of August 1 and stayed with relatives in Kamloops.

"Just ahead of the whole evacuation of Rayleigh, the fire department came up here and got me out of here in a hurry," Devich said. "I didn't have any time to get anything together. I grabbed the dogs and things as I was literally flying out the door."

Devich said she considers herself lucky to still have a home and plans to call fire fighters to thank them for their work.

"Fifty feet from my backyard's pretty close," she said, looking at the blackened landscape behind her home. "I lost one shed. And the shed closest to my house — if it had gone up I wouldn't have a house."

Food bank use on the rise one year after B.C. welfare cutbacks

by Kevin Groves

VANCOUVER (CUP) — A little more than a year after the B.C. provincial government overhauled their welfare system, food bank workers say they are struggling to cope with thousands more people lining up to put dinner on their tables.

It's a disturbing trend that reflects a lack of public awareness of what it's like to be poor, say food bank workers.

"People don't realize how bad it is until you fall to that level," says Susan Henry, who works at the First United Church in Vancouver, which provides emergency food every three months for families and the disabled.

"Quite a number of people think it's not really bad so you can turn a blind eye to it."

Henry's comment seems to reinforce the argument of one expert who says food banks make it easier for governments to reduce taxpayer help for the poor. Graham Riches, director of the UBC school of social work, says they ought to be closed.

In April 2002, the B.C. government introduced significant changes to the welfare system that reduced benefits, made it tougher to claim welfare and imposed new limits and cost-saving restrictions for many of those on social assistance.

The government hopes to cut about 80,000 people from welfare by 2004, reducing the $1.9 billion budget to about $1.4 billion.

In March, British Columbia had 121,079 welfare cases -- down from 241,643 cases in March of 2002, according to Statistics B.C.

"They want to create as many disincentives to be on welfare as possible," says Riches.

The changes cut benefits to single parents, employable couples and recipients between 55 and 64, imposed a three-week waiting period before welfare can be collected and placed new time limits on collecting welfare.

Those changes have had a direct effect on the number of people using British Columbia's 90 food banks, says Robin Campbell, who runs the food bank in Surrey, a sprawling Vancouver suburb of more than 300,000.

Campbell says B.C. food banks have experienced an increase in demand of five to 40 per cent in the last year as welfare becomes harder to live on, especially in small, one-industry towns or communities that lost their local provincial government office.

"The overall feeling is one of desperation and anger," says Campbell. "People are even saying 'you know maybe I should just commit a crime and go to jail, at least then I'll have enough to eat.' "

But Human Resources Minister Murray Coell says many of the welfare recipients his ministry has shed over the last two years have gone back to work. They're making more now than they would on income assistance, whether they use the food bank or not, he says.

The rising usage of food banks is also nationwide and not just related to his ministry's changes, says Coell.

For Riches, food banks started out as a well-intentioned effort to feed hungry people in the 1980s but have become a crutch for government and society.

"Essentially they've become a second-tier of the welfare system and enable governments to look the other way and neglect their obligations to make sure that people have a decent social wage," Riches says.

"Food banks are in a sense telling us that Canada's welfare state has failed."

It's gotten worse in the last 10 years as shrinking government and cutbacks to social programs have become policy in most provinces, says Riches.

"We've gotten used to the idea that food banks are OK," he says. "But I think if you speak to people on the receiving end they'll have a different view of what that experience is like."

Canada's first food bank opened its doors in Edmonton in 1981. By 1998, more than 17,000 people a month relied on its services.

The number of users had more than doubled from 1993, when the Alberta government began an extensive campaign of social service cutbacks.

Henry says she isn't sure what would change if all food bank support were taken away.

"Then we would see the starkness of poverty and you'd either have a revolution or you'd see people dying on the streets all the time," she says.

Statistics Canada defines low-income families as those who spend more than 55 per cent of their before-tax income on the basic necessities --food, shelter and clothing.

For a family of four in a large city of more than half a million, $34,572 is the cutoff. The same family in a rural area would be considered low-income at $23,892.

The latest federal data from the 2001 census shows families in the bottom 10 per cent of the income scale -- those with incomes below $18,990 -- experienced one of the smallest gains over the decade.

Even after adjusting for inflation, the average Canadian family at the lowest end of the scale gained only $81 in income, up just 0.8 per cent from 1991 to $10,346.

photo by Jeb Gordon

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods: Kids in the Science Venture program discover whether a bug can float on a leaf in the Petch fountain by the library.

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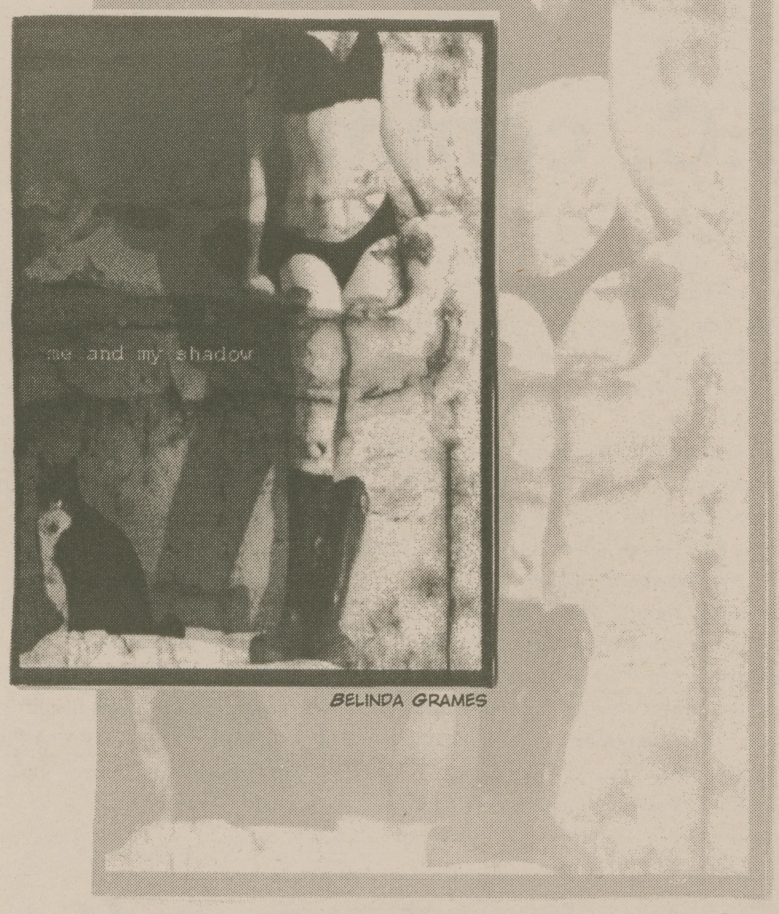

BELINDA GRAMES

ANNA BANANA

ENID GOODMAN

C

by Sarah Maria Petrescu

ECHELT, BC—It's Friday night, and I am about to do one of those things that people in small towns do. I've got my latest batch of cards… originals, if I want to come out alive. They have little tiny t-shirts hanging from a clothesline with slogans like "Shit Happens" and "Peace Out." I know they will be hot traders.

Inside the art gallery are the who's who of the Sunshine Coast art world-- trend setter, community do-gooder, and eccentric recluse alike—and average Janes like me. The beach wood room is decorated with hundreds of plastic sleeves containing miniature works of artistic chutzpah. No time to mill, schmooze, or make the obligatory moves. A trading session is like a garage sale on speed and acid. Let the games begin.

In these "art frenzies" the artists are not after big bucks. In fact, no money changes hands at all. They are there to trade. The goods? Artist Trading Cards (aka ATCs). ATCs are part of a new trend sweeping the contemporary art world. They are self-produced by artists of various genres and abilities to expose their work without the pressure of monetary return. The cards take the format of mass-produced collectable trading cards, such as baseball, hockey, and *Magic* cards. However, they are anything but mainstream. From Zurich to Calgary, artists, such as we, are getting together to hawk our ATCs. We meet in cafés, community halls, and art centres to voraciously glean the best finds. We tote massive three-ring binders containing our most prized possessions. We're insatiable.

The original concept of ATCs was developed by Swiss artist m. vanci stirnemann. However, there is a Canadian connection to their incarnation. When stirnemann visited Calgary during the 1988 Winter Olympics, he met artist Chuck Stake (aka Don Mabie). Both were hockey fans, and stirnemann was inspired when he saw Stake sorting his hockey cards.

ATC fervor caught on immediately. As Stake planned the first Canadian exhibition and large scale trading session, others around the world began their own branches while stirnemann encouraged trading through mail. Vancouver assemblage artist Bill Thomson caught the ATC bug at a Calgary exhibition. "I met the main Canadian ATC guy, Chuck Stake, there. He was very involved in counter-culture art. The kingpin, vanci stirnemann, too," Thomson said. "I ma shop and was hooked."

Thomson started the fi at an East Van café. A wild eled to the sessions, bring the 2.5 X 3.5 cards—from political mixed media card trend's growing popularity free format (size is the onl makes it so intriguing is th money," he said. Thomson Stake who thinks that in th about hierarchy. "A Picasso than Joe Blow's painting. W is that every card, whether Canadian artist or a kid wh is equal," said Stake in a Ja *National Post*. Thomson ad cards. That is what is so gr

Anna Banana, a well-kn circuit, introduced ATCs to trading, through mail, with spread quickly on the Coas artists seeking a reason to together. The egalitarian a worked well with many of philosophies. "ATCs are fre exchange and inclusiveness acknowledge each other,"

I was first introduced to years ago. I was immediate for many of the same reas Banana professed. But, tru creating with these artists was excited by the idea of of their work—for free, bas the idea of no money invo help but consider the poss mean, that's what collecto from now, an Anna Banana be worth big bucks. I can s now.

Banana and Thomson d ATCs as a mainstream gold convinced that ATCs will e "Some of us wish they cou but I don't see that happen Banana thinks ATCs, like m

Art on the cheap

Hockey cards for creative people

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the first ATC group in Vancouver
A wild assortment of traders trav-
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Picasso is worth so much more
ting. What I really like about ATCs
whether you're the greatest
kid who just walked off the street,
in a January interview with *The*
son added, "They are culture
is so great about them."
well-known pioneer of the mail-art
ATCs to the Sunshine Coast after
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But, truth be told, as a young artist
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Banana signed original ATC could
I can see eBay lighting up right

mson don't buy the possibility of
m goldmine. They aren't quite
s will ever bring home the bling.
ey could be like baseball cards,
happening," said Thomson.
like mail-art, will remain a grass-roots trend. "At this point, there is very limited exposure. Mail-art has had many exhibitions and has always been subculture," she said.

Banana admits that thirty years of collecting and trading mail-art has allowed her to hoard an important–and lucrative–collection. "I have amassed this valuable collection of mail-art based on the same open communication as ATCs. Some of the people have become big names." Banana also points out that mail-art has become co-opted by mainstream consumerism in ways that she does not admire. "Some of mail-art has changed from people who are counter-culture and critical of the status quo to a gentrified mainstream craft," she said. "To me it has become very cute. The people are no longer making fun of the commercialism of art. They have lost the critique. It's become much more prescriptive and 'how to.' I don't want anyone to tell me what to do. I want to mess around, that's the point."

Despite the freeform philosophies behind ATCs, contrary values have begun to emerge. Already, Banana admits that she will not trade originals for copies, and Thomson expresses his disappointment at traders who bring only colour copies of dated work to sessions. I myself cringed at the recent trading session when a woman wanted to trade what looked like cut-up wrapping paper for one of my mini t-shirt masterpieces. Ahem, I don't think so.

Who knows whether or not ATCs will be scooped by corporate trend watchers and mass produced as their predecessing doppelgangers of hockey and baseball cards. Placing a monetary value on the cards does defeat their initial purpose, but I can't help being inspired by the possibility of visual artists rising to super-celebrity status. Such an accomplishment would indeed change, and revolutionize, a culture that recognizes millions of name brands and logos, yet rarely the work of an accomplished visual artist.

Take into consideration the ATC workshop for kids I recently infiltrated. Out of the 25 kids, ages 6 to 13, none had heard of Picasso and only one "sort of" knew of Da Vinci. Yet, all twenty-five kids were well aware of American pop-darlings Britney Spears and *NSYNC. Although most of the kids alleged to enjoy making the art cards, few considered the possibility of becoming a professional. Ye Olde standard heroes of fireman, rock star, or actress were the glossy favorites for future jobs. Six-year-old Cyrus summed up the common sentiments of the kids:

SMP: What do you want to be when you grow up?
Cyrus: Umm… I want to be an astronaut or a zookeeper.
SMP: How about an artist?
Cyrus: (scrunches up face, smooshes handful of paint in hair) Not really.
SMP: What's cooler: Pokemon cards or Artist Trading Cards?
Cyrus: Artist Trading Cards I think… but Pokemon cards have doubles and I like them too.
SMP: Are you going to keep making Artist Trading Cards?
Cyrus: Yeah, for sure… I want to make a whole bunch (spreads arms to illustrate).

Okay, what kid doesn't enjoy art? However, none were wholly convinced that popular art ranked in the same cultural status as popular music or film. Why? My guess is that they have so few artist heroes to draw from, they don't see art as something awesome and spectacular, but rather just kind of fun to do. I mean, where are the painters and potters on *Canadian Idol*?

In their present incarnation as community alterna-art, ATCs may seem as harmless a social pastime as quilting, square-dancing or potlucks. It is their penchant for hair-raising subject matter that gives them their edge, and may prove their ultimate difficulty in adapting to the mainstream markets. Many of the cards feature social and political messages of activism. Take for instance, Janis Corrado's "Campbell's Mass Poverty Soup" card, or Tam Harrington's series of neo-porno with slogans such as "repent." Both Greenpeace and PETA use the trading-card format to push their propaganda. ATCs may not be so large scale, but they are expanding in exposure and can already move from West Coast Canada to Europe, Africa, and Central America where trading groups have been established.

Such widespread circulation of sub-culture kitsch is exciting to anyone looking for kicks and low-cost collecting. But, like all good trends on a role, I believe ATCs will inevitably be scooped by the mainstream consumer market. This is one exploitation I am looking forward to. If it's going to be in my face 24/7 it might as well be cool. Right? The thirties had Dali the surrealist mastermind; the fifties broke loose with Jackson Pollock's abstract-expressionist splatter paintings. So, who are our generation's art gurus, and can we see their work before they kick the bucket and their prints are wholesale at Wal-Mart? ATCs may be the new local fad, but their potential is immense–which is why I keep my big blue binder full of card-size goodness someplace very safe. You never know how much an Anna Banana, Bill Thomson or Cyrus "Rookie" card will be worth someday.

I recognize the hypocrisy of wanting to exploit a movement I believe in and benefit from. But, when push comes to sell, I love ATCs for their possibilities and potential for future cultural influence. I am a collector to the bone; you'll see me at your next garage sale.

the Martlet 2003/04

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The Martlet is an incorporated B.C. society and a full member of Canadian University Press (CUP). We strive to act as an agent of constructive social change and we will not print racist, sexist, homophobic or otherwise oppressive copy.

letters: *the Martlet* has an open letters policy and will endeavour to print every letter received from the university community, with priority given to undergraduate students. Letters must be typewritten, submitted on disk or by e-mail and include your name and student number for verification. Letters must be 200 words maximum. Deadline for letters is noon on the Friday before publication date. Letters will be prioritized by order received. Letters with pseudonyms or group names will not be printed.

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Editorial

Coming to a bathroom stall near you...

Remember when you first arrived at UVic?

The sun is shining, the smell of patchouli is in the air, and for some reason you have a *Chemical Brothers* song bouncing around your head. Must be from that Gap commercial you can't avoid. You step off the bus, boot a bunny out of your way and stride to class.

Years passed. Today you go through the same motions, but something's changed. Everything that that used to have a bright luster now seems hackneyed and clichéd. Time has left its mark, a film of cynicism over your eyes.

Of course, not everything has changed. There's still that campus newspaper strewn on transit buses and inside washroom stalls.

Oh, come on. It was never that bad. Sure, there was always that issue with the dildo on the cover–that was as predictable as the stories about the latest round of tuition fee increases and the protests that followed. And the comics that made no sense. You could always count on those, too.

Still, this year is the year you'll change your mind about *The Martlet*. Are we being presumptious? Damn straight.

But you've probably noticed a few changes over the years. Sometimes they've been subtle, like including dart scores of reporters along with the results for campus elections. Other times they've been surreal, like a review of a meat draw in the news section.

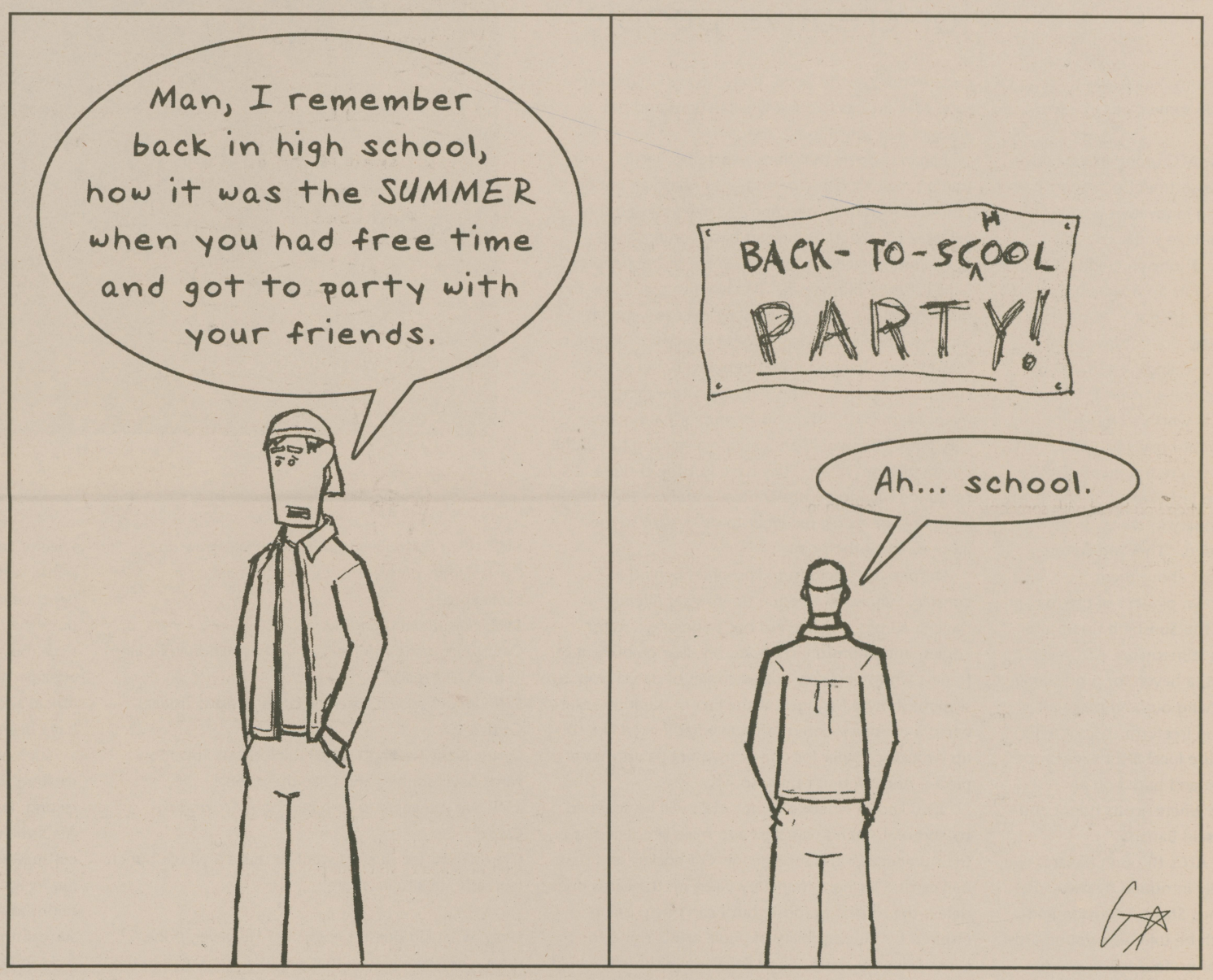
You might think it's damn silly, but we think it's an antidote for a campus where people often take themselves too seriously. Hell, you and I both know there are things worth caring about. But, we also know people can become blinded by their convictions. That's why this year we're going to start with the premise that you can think for yourself, rather than draw conclusions for you.

We're not precious about our role as campus news rats, but we know papers should serve two basic functions: to inform and entertain. We hope to do both for you.

We do ask one thing. Y'see, this journalism business boils down to a contract of trust. Without the trust of sources, we couldn't write about what's happening. Without the trust of you, our readers, there wouldn't be anyone reading this. It amounts to a leap of faith. Sounds silly, but we need you. So don't leave us on the shelves. We're here to spill coffee on, to fold and crumple on the bus. Go ahead, we're not proud.

You step out into the sunshine. The smell of 4:20 is in the air. And, for some reason, you think this year is going to be different.

Read us. Write to us. Even better, write *for* us. We'll be seeing you around.


Man, I remember back in high school, how it was the SUMMER when you had free time and got to party with your friends.
BACK-TO-SCHOOL PARTY!
Ah... school.

Why aren't my buildings ever clean?

by Katherine Williams

The following poem is written from experience. We know these actions don't represent everyone. We really appreciate those of you who hold doors open for us when we're carrying heavy loads, move your legs when you're sprawled in the hall and we're trying to get through with equipment and most importantly, those who are able to distinguish recyclables (paper only except where posted) from garbage.

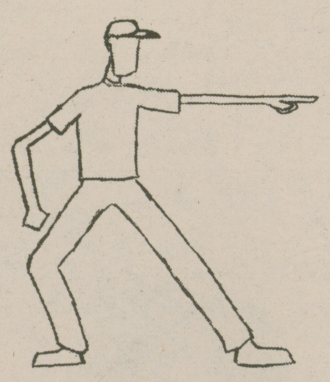
Oh, why oh why aren't these buildings ever clean?
Those darn janitors can never be seen!
However, I've no time to worry,
Of course, I'm in a hurry.
I'm a busy student you see,
so, off I go to get my coffee.
I've spent so long in line
that I'm really out of time.
I grab my coffee and a treat,
but now I surely must hustle my feet.
I run to the building that houses my class
Don't use the handle on the door; make sure I touch the glass.
No time to wipe my feet on the mat by the door,
Don't notice that with each step, my coffee drips on the floor.
I fly into class, not a moment to spare

as my classmates and I rearrange all the chairs.
Sometimes in large circles, sometimes in small,
keeping our chairs in rows won't do at all!
I must dispose of my gum before I can eat,
but the garbage is too far away - at least 15 feet!
So instead, I stick it to the bottom of my chair,
then start in on my muffin, trailing crumbs everywhere.
What a boring class; my doodling I can't stop.
Why bother wasting paper when I can just use this desktop?
This class is soon over; I'm off to the next.
I reach under my chair to pick up my text.
In the process, I knock over my half empty cup.
Unfortunately, I don't have anything with which to clean it up.
My classmates and I gather our things and head out the door
Never bothering to return the desks to the rows they were in before.
I think I vaguely recall my parent(s) saying "Push your chair in when you're done."
Not right now though, I gotta run.
Besides, those chairs will likely reorganize themselves
by those nearly invisible cleaning elves.
Before my next class I need to skip to the loo,
But when I see the "washroom closed for cleaning" sign, I know that just won't do.
I finally notice the janitors, now that they're inconveniencing me.
But because I'm a quick wit and chomping at the bit, a solution I do see!
I'll pretend that I don't see the sign
then I can alleviate this full bladder of mine.
I'll push the cleaner's cart aside
and quickly jump inside.
The thought hadn't even entered my mind
that I might be pushing someone's work schedule behind,
or preventing him or her from completing the cleaning
and that's certainly something that I wasn't meaning.
I guess I should take a moment to pause and reflect
about all the other people my actions can affect.
Who knows? When I graduate I might be a janitor too.
Then I'll learn first hand what it's like to wear the other shoe!

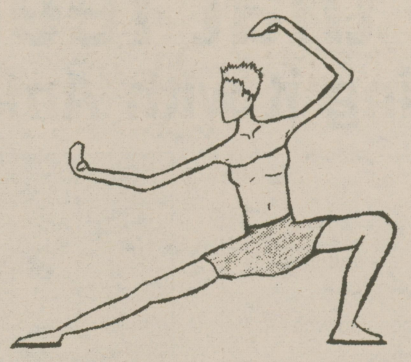
As of Nov. 1, 2002: 18,036 students, 4,096 employees, 85 janitors (full time, continuing). Stats taken from: http://www.uvic.ca/about/factsfigures/index.html

Katherine Williams, B.Sc. (distinction) 1999, UVic Janitorial Staff

Soap Box



JASPER SCHWARTZ VS BRIONY SMITH



Are you a first year student at the University of Victoria? Unsure of what to expect? Looking for advice? Well, look no further.

Jasper Schwartz recently moved from Nova Scotia, leaving his friends and girl behind to study social sciences at UVic. In his beleaguered search for advice, Jasper asked more than 50 people around campus for their thoughts on how to survive first year.

Then he made the mistake of asking Briony Smith. She is a fourth-year student working on her creative writing and English double major. She likes sushi, Dolce&Gabbana dresses, and making fun of things. She suffered three years in res and now hones her rage by ragging on stuff in the Martlet. Cross her at your own risk.

Jasper: I asked a co-worker, Heather, about the single life in Victoria. She sums it up: "First year can be a love-fest for single guys." I've heard this repeated by several people. Is first year really as "sexed up" as I've heard?

Briony: It can be, if you're going to have a lot of faceless one-night stands or lust-driven affairs. But if you want to freak it up in university, don't forget that when you bond with someone emotionally, it feels good, enriches the sex, and makes the lovin' hotter due to knowing what the other likes and the trust factor. And remember: if you're going to enjoy the carefree shenanigans of casual sex, be sure to use condoms every time.

Plus, there's nothing wrong with some care-free experimentation. Why not make out with that surprisingly-attractive same-sex acquaintance? Indulge your kinks, too. You're (probably) young-ish and youngsters are a lot more "open" because they can chalk it up to, "Well, I was in college, darling…" You'll have a lot better chance of slipping those fuzzy handcuffs on your boyfriend now, rather than when he's a stodgy 40-year-old. So go for it.

Jasper: If I get the sniffles, do I have to leave campus to get treated?

Briony: So, by sniffles do you mean, "Weeping lesions on your penis"? Well, all ailments can be sorted out at Health Services on campus. They can answer all questions about STD's, illnesses, and general maladies. It's free, too. If you miss a test or an essay due date due to sickness, you can get a doctor's note for your professor. If you need to see a shrink or a nutrition specialist, they can give you a referral. And if you've indulged in unsafe sex, you can get tested for STDs there, and can get a requisition for an HIV test.

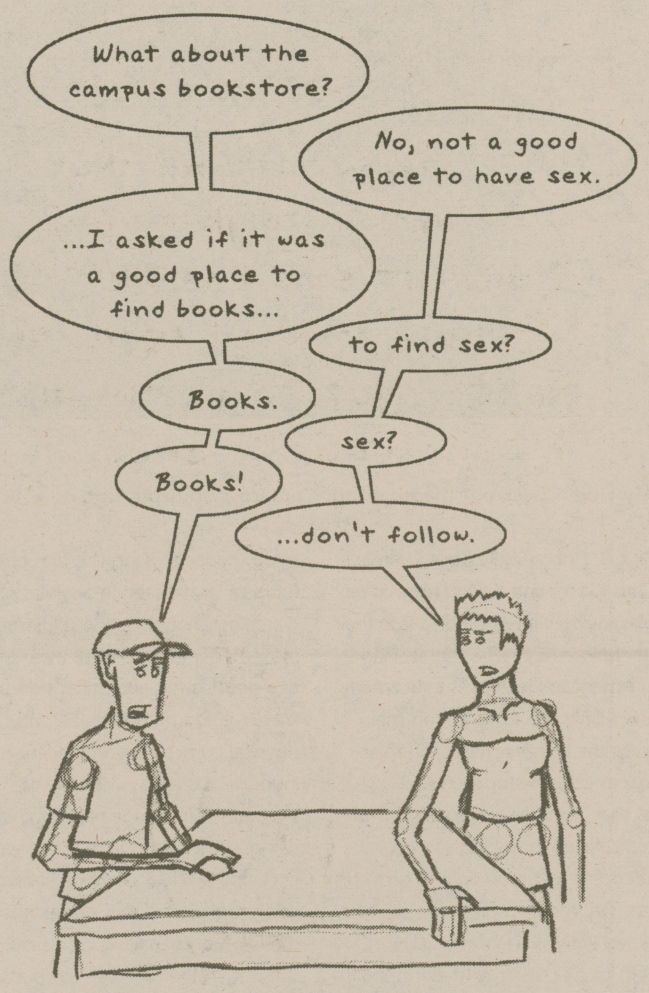
Jasper: I actually meant the sniffles, but next question. Someone told me that the best advice for people living in residence is to put a sock on the door when there's a chance your roommate will walk in on you having sex. True?

Briony: Lies! This is a myth. If you've got your tongue down the throat of that fox from your chem. lab, you won't think to dig a sock out of the foul stench-heap that is your laundry. And if your roommate wants in, they're coming in.

Such was the case when I lived in res. After I left a note on the door telling my roommate that I was "otherwise engaged." She came in, boyfriend in tow, while I was in flagrante with (read: blowing) my boyfriend of the time. So screw the sock of lies. Write on the white-board, "WE ARE FUCKING IN HERE." Don't be shy. Your peers will be impressed with your frank honesty and booty prowess.

Jasper: What about paying attention in class? I've heard the end of the semester comes before you know it. I've also been warned about being lazy and skipping classes. Do some professors find ways to ding you if you don't go to class?

Briony: Feel fee to skip class if you don't feel like going. This is not to say that you should be some slack-ass mungface, but if you are dreading going to class, then stay home. Just don't make it a habit and, unless you have superior bullshit abilities, know what sort of questions will be on the final and keep up with your reading.


What about the campus bookstore?
No, not a good place to have sex.
...I asked if it was a good place to find books...
to find sex?
Books.
sex?
Books!
...don't follow.

Check your syllabus to see if attendance counts towards your grade.

Don't be afraid to visit your prof during office hours, or to ask questions in class. This often is very helpful in making sure you are on the right track.

But don't be one of those annoying talkers in class who are just showing off. No one wants to hear it. Unless you have a point that is succinct, interesting, and original, shut your pie-hole! How your backpacking experiences in Peru relate to the existential angst of Camus is of zero interest to the students around you who are inevitably yawning at your piss-poor anecdotes and banal commentary.

Feel free to enter your classes late. If you enter quietly and sit in the back, unless your prof enjoys berating you in front of the class for being a tardy imbecile.

And it's extremely important to start up small-talk with others. By forming friendships with those on your class, you can find people to study with or share notes.

Jasper: We pay for the Rec services with our tuition. What's the best way to take advantage of them?

Briony: Pick up a RecPlus guide as soon as they come out. If you see classes you like, be sure to get there on the first day, especially if it's a "cool" class like yoga or dance.

Jasper: What about getting to know the library? Can you really use textbooks for free?

Briony: Don't feel like a dork to take a library tour, especially if you're in the sciences. Perhaps you'll meet one of those real introverted girls. They can be firecrackers in bed!

Jasper: Are sports teams, course unions, and school clubs all they're cracked up to be? What's the best approach for surviving the two days when clubs are looking for members?

Briony: Don't be swayed by the free candy, and only take literature if you're going to read it. Ask the people questions, instead of them just telling you about it. Like go up to the Christian table and ask, "Will these candies make me believe in God?" (Or even worse, ask the Canadian Alliance, "Will these candies make me a conservative?")

Jasper: Aaron, another Biochemistry student, and his friends have figured out two weeks when students can eat for free on campus. There are three convocations. Each convocation is three days long, with two meals per day. On top of that there is the President's Barbecue, and other events throughout the year. Is this as cool as it sounds?

Briony: President's day rules! Last year there were hot 15-year-old breakdancers. I mean, I like free meat, served hot by David Turpin.

I mean, come to *the Martlet* table.

Letters to the editor

Kudos for campus coverage

Dear *the Martlet*,

I wanted to write and say thank you for running the interesting article on Dr. Andrew Anderson, it was written with skill and tact and a remarkable clarity for such a contentious issue. I hope that Ms. Nirwan will continue to follow this story as it unfolds. Keep it up!

Tamara Sheehan

Earlier this summer the *Martlet* was hiring a new production coordinator. The following are correspondences between Craig Battle, president of the Canadian University Press, and *Martlet* Editor-in-Chief John Thompson:

Mr. Thompson,

Please accept this email as my application for produce coordinator, as I am so very good with fruits and vegetables and if I am not (if I am fully lying to you silly bastards because I'm so very much smarter than you and here I am talking circles right around you and you don't even know!), I am willing to learn. You will hire me, you will hire me, you will.

Craig Battle, Esq.
Captain Enthusiastic!
Canadian University Press

Dear Craig,

By now you will have noticed *the Martlet* hiring committee recently tried to contact you concerning your recent application as produce coordinator. We were disappointed that we were unable to reach you.

Unfortunately, we need a produce coordinator we can call on at any hour. This means that if Jeb and I need, say, a head of lettuce, or a couple ripe tomatoes, our produce coordinator will be there to deliver. This demands commitment, Craig. Without fresh produce this entire operation will fall into shambles. You don't want that, do you Craig?

I hope you understand.

JT
PS: Write back to Briony or she'll kick you in the nuts.

Thompson,

Consider this my resume: it's a knuckle sandwich. I received no such call and/or email.

Sincerely,
Captain Craig Battle
Thomas Battle, III
PS: Screw you.

The Martlet *is happy to announce that Dan Harder will be our incoming production coordinator for 2003/4.*

The Martlet is hiring.

We are looking for a
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arts editor
sports editor
photo editor
graphics editor
distribution coordinator
production assistant
op/ed and billboard editor
copy editor
features editor
editorial assistant
volunteer coordinator
web production & electronic archivist

Resumés can be submitted to SUB B011
c/o Jeb Gordon, managing editor.
Resumés will be accepted in hard copy only. Deadline for applications is September 18, 2003 at 5pm.
All positions subject to funding.
For additional information contact martlet@uvic.ca or call 721-8360.

Filth that feels so good:
Slumming it with *American Wedding*

by Briony Smith

photo provided

My God! Check out the heat that Camera stud is packing.

I was hurting. Bad. My boyfriend, despite being madly in love with me, had the gall to move to the States to work for a big bad corporation who were throwing money at him.

After an excruciatingly painful goodbye at the airport, I needed distraction. I needed to be inundated with filth that would take my mind off the hurt. I needed to be hit full-force with pure escapism, dirty cinematic trash the equivalent of taking that mulleted, Camaro-driving, Camel-reeking, two-pump chump home from the bar. I wanted some light-hearted fluff that would make me laugh, not with a pleasant life-affirming chuckle, but with a guffaw of communal bad taste with the rest of the dimwitted Cineplex idiots surrounding me. This was why I was so relieved that "American Wedding," the third installment of the "American Pie" franchise, was now in theatres. I had found a Camaro stud that would send my brain into the oblivion only mass-marketed entertainment could provide.

As a film snob, even the previews made me feel dirty, heralding the impending arrival of the Farrelly Brothers' latest people-with-a-disability romp, a Matrix rip-off, and a film featuring The Rock (yikes) and American Pie's own Sean William Scott. I wanted the movie to start, I wanted to forget the absent boyfriend, and I wanted to have all manner of feces/semen/urine-related humour shoved down my throat as soon as possible, so I was cheered when the houselights went down and the film opened promisingly with the ever-loveable Jim (Jason Biggs) getting a blowjob from his fiancée Michelle (Alyson Hannigan) under the table at a fancy restaurant.

This may sound like the beginning of yet another run-of-the-mill teen-sex-com, but as the movie played, I realized that I was having a good time. And not the good time of someone who is bitterly watching a bad movie so that they can make fun of it later. It was the enjoyment of watching a movie that is indeed a gross-fest, but is also hilarious and rather sweet as well.

"American Pie" followed the antics of Jim (Biggs), Finch (Eddie Kaye Thomas), Oz (Chris Klein), and Kevin (Thomas Ian Nicholas) as they attempted to lose their virginity before high school graduation, while "American Pie 2" was concerned with the hijinks the same young men got up to the summer following their first year as college students, so it follows that "American Wedding" is the next logical step in the high school/college/get married and grow up triptych. The movie is primarily concerned with all the standard wedding clichés, such as meeting the in-laws and having a bachelor party, but there is also considerable focus on the activities of Stifler (Sean William Scott), whose apparent lack of any taste, class, discretion, or subtlety is the heart of the film.

Stifler is the true star of "American Wedding," and somehow, Scott elevates playing him to an art form, his performance making this film one of the funniest I have seen in a while. After watching enough "serious" films to make Roger Ebert proud, I was in need of a good laugh and Stifler's grimaces, sneers, colourful obscenities, and broad physical comedy made me laugh out loud. He has a way with words, shouting "I'm gonna hang out with my wang out, I'm gonna rock out with my cock out" and "It's on like Donkey Kong, beeyatch." (His obnoxiousness is made more menacing by his clothing, dressing in the high belted shorts, tucked-in golf shirt, and perky cap of a football coach.) His character is consistent and consistently funny.

The movie also benefits from the foundation of the American Pies that have come before. The audience's love for these characters was palpable at the screening I attended, where several boys in the front row started chanting "Stifler! Stifler!" even before the movie started. Other examples include when Finch, after sharing a rare tender moment with Stifler, says fondly, "I did fuck your mom." The audience exploded in wild laughter and as I sat there I realized why I was enjoying "American Wedding" so much. I realized that I, like the audience, enjoyed being able to count on the lads to act like they always have: Jim getting caught by his dad in naughty situations, Finch fucking Stifler's mom. They're like old college buddies who never go changin'. Their humourous dependability creates a real consistency that the audience enjoys. Everyone can empathize with these accident-prone guys, too. I, along with most university students, have stumbled in the pitfalls of the treacherous terrain that is the dating world.

I feel for the characters and, despite the foul humour (including granny sex, shit-eating, and a nasty ball-hair incident), my affection for and trust in these dependable boys and their allies lingered throughout the whole film.

Eugene Levy is superb as Jim's preternaturally understanding and supportive dad, always around to give Jim a pat on the back, such as when he catches him in what looks like a rather questionable position with his fiancée's dog. It is this fondness that made me smile, in between the loud guffaws.

This sweetness, combined with Scott's masterful performance as Stifler, made "American Wedding" just the distraction I needed, a bit of cinematic comfort food that made me feel good. It wasn't the dumb trashy escapism I expected but it made me laugh loud and kept my mind off missing my boy. "American Wedding" gave me a wonderful feeling. And unlike a Camaro stud, it was still there the next day.

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It's the final leg of the Tour de France. Face it, you're fed up.
The chafing lycra. The French accents.
That sweaty German's ass three inches from your face
for the past thousand kilometers.
You'll never look at sauerkraut the same way again.
You're getting tired of staring at the white line.
Your only comfort: a damp, ragged copy of *The Martlet*
tucked into that spandex jersey.
You pull it out and turn to a gripping news story on page three.
Distracted, you tumble from your bike.
Your head hits the cobblestones of the Champs d'Elysées.
Stunned and bloodied, you lose the race.
What the fuck were you thinking? It's the Tour de France.

Write for *The Martlet*.

ARTS

Reawakening the written word

Two local poets create something imaginative

Stewart Cole
To make animals of our selves
Blueprint books

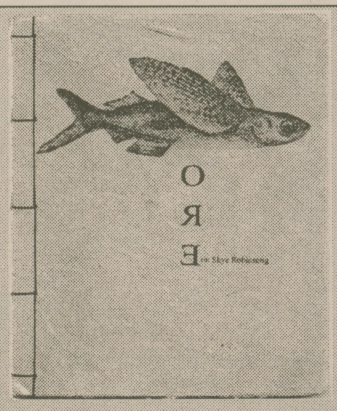
Erin Sky Robinsong
Ore
Blueprint books

by John Thompson

Forget all this fancy book-learning I often tell myself.

Let's pack our bags, head out into the world and live. Let's wreck our knees in motorcycle accidents. Let's do anything but get bogged down in abstractions that mean so little to people outside the insular university community.

That's why I was so delighted to stumble upon two recent UVic graduates who have created something imaginative, lively and tangible this summer. Two recently released books of poetry by Stewart Cole and Erin Skye Robinsong were the perfect cure to my festering cynicism about academia.



...as if they wanted to know
how the hardest thing
– a diamond –
is related to the darkest thing
how the most brilliant things
are the most dangerous

and it's always somebody else who gets
to wear it
and somebody else to go down
to get it
- from Safe

One is meticulous and analytic. The other is whimsical and mischievous–at moments, resembling hip-hop. Both are preoccupied with the passage of time, the importance of empathy and perhaps most importantly, the power of words to shift personal boundaries.

In the case of Cole's anthology, "*To make animals of our selves*," it comes as no surprise that the author wanted to become a zoologist when he was six. He ended up pursuing a degree in English and writing instead, but his poetry contains a bestiary of beavers and phoenixes, hawks and armadillos.

"Over the course of time we've stopped seeing ourselves as animals," he said. "In some ways, it's a bit of a shame. If we obscure our relationship with animals, we obscure our relationship with the environment."

In contrast, Robinsong's world is inhabited by squeegee kids, anarchists, runaways and PhDs. Where Cole is clear and meditative, this writing graduate is by turn playful and threatening. "Every second has an edge," she writes in "Real-time," "that beckons like the blade of an axe. Like the edge of a roof, every second has a vertigo that threatens your life perfectly."

"I need to destroy patterns for things to occur to me," she said from Cortes Island in an email interview. This makes sense in her writing. She uses words like trap-doors dropping through their holes of ambiguity only to resurface in an unexpected location. Homonyms, or words that sound the same but hold different meanings, figure prominently: she leaps from bomb to balm, pray to prey, arrows to Eros.

The two poets share similar styles, like abrupt enjambments that leave the last word of a sentence hanging, as well as a conscious play with the ambiguities of language. This shouldn't be a surprise: they both worked together and helped edit each other's work.

They began collaborating together in Poets Against War, a group formed during the build-up to the American-led invasion of Iraq. Still, neither collection is overtly political.

"I'm in love with the world," Robinsong said. "It's the ultimate real-time reality show. It just goes on and goes by. I write to remember, to make possible, to amuse myself, to heal myself and because I have this aesthetic responsibility to the words themselves. They are tools that want to be used. To shift meaning."

Cole echoes this: "I can't and no one can claim to have a monopoly on meaning. By deliberately using the same words in different ways you can highlight this and show their instability."

Let's be neurotic together
let's chuck rocks at concrete walls
let's quicken our breath and
let's even let
dissatisfaction gnaw
like a beaver
ever bent on fortifying
its dam against the gluttonous swell
of the bog Let
us...
- from Anthropomorphism

"Poetry allows you to isolate words in the context of a single line, out of space of their function," he added. "To reduce words to a function is almost barbaric."

Philosophy student Jenny Amber Petch spearheaded the production. She took a few semesters off school, worked three jobs and produced both books.

"I did this because people should read poetry and people should write poetry, and some poetry shouldn't just stay under your bed," she said.

Each book passed through the hands of at least five people who used an awl, electric drill, ruler, exacto-knife, clamps and a needle and thread.

For all the effort, Petch says the reason is simple. "I think our culture is either dying or becoming so mysterious that people are wondering what the point is."

"But there is a point. That's why we make it."

Both books are available from Second Story Books

Bandulu bizness

Reggae compilation bunk deal

Reggae Gold 2003
Various Artists
VP Records

by Ashley Little

Do not touch this double disc with a 10-foot pole.

It was produced solely for profit and will not enhance your life in any way. It was extremely difficult for me to get through all the schmaltzy-slapclap-sloppy songs for the purpose of reviewing Reggae Gold 2003, and I was forced to skip several tracks too terrible to listen to. At first I thought it could just be my personal taste, but on three separate occasions friends dropped by while Reggae Gold 2003 was spinning its straw and demanded that the music be changed immediately. This cannot be sheer coincidence. Conclusion: this compilation is really bad.

If you do make the mistake of listening to it, you will hear the word "remix" approximately 67 times and hear the same song again and again and again. But what I really don't understand is why there are two discs, when they are both essentially the same.

I can foresee select tracks from this album becoming very popular at dance spots and poolside at Club Med resorts. The 26 artists include contributors like Busta Rhymes, Sean Paul, LL Cool J, Elephant Man, Beenie Man, Bounty Killer, Assassin, Buju Banton and Shaggy. Shaggy's mainstream radio-friendly "Hey Sexy Lady" is sure to be a hit at the aforementioned clubs and can already be heard at summer weddings. My favourite track is included on both discs. Tanya Stephens' "It's A Pity" is a rare jewel on Reggae Gold–sexy, smooth and definitely danceable. This is the one upside of the album: while you sure can't sit and listen to it, at least it holds potential for dancing. Perhaps while in motion it is possible to forget about the bad, repetitive lyrics and be taken away with rhythm and beats. Irie.

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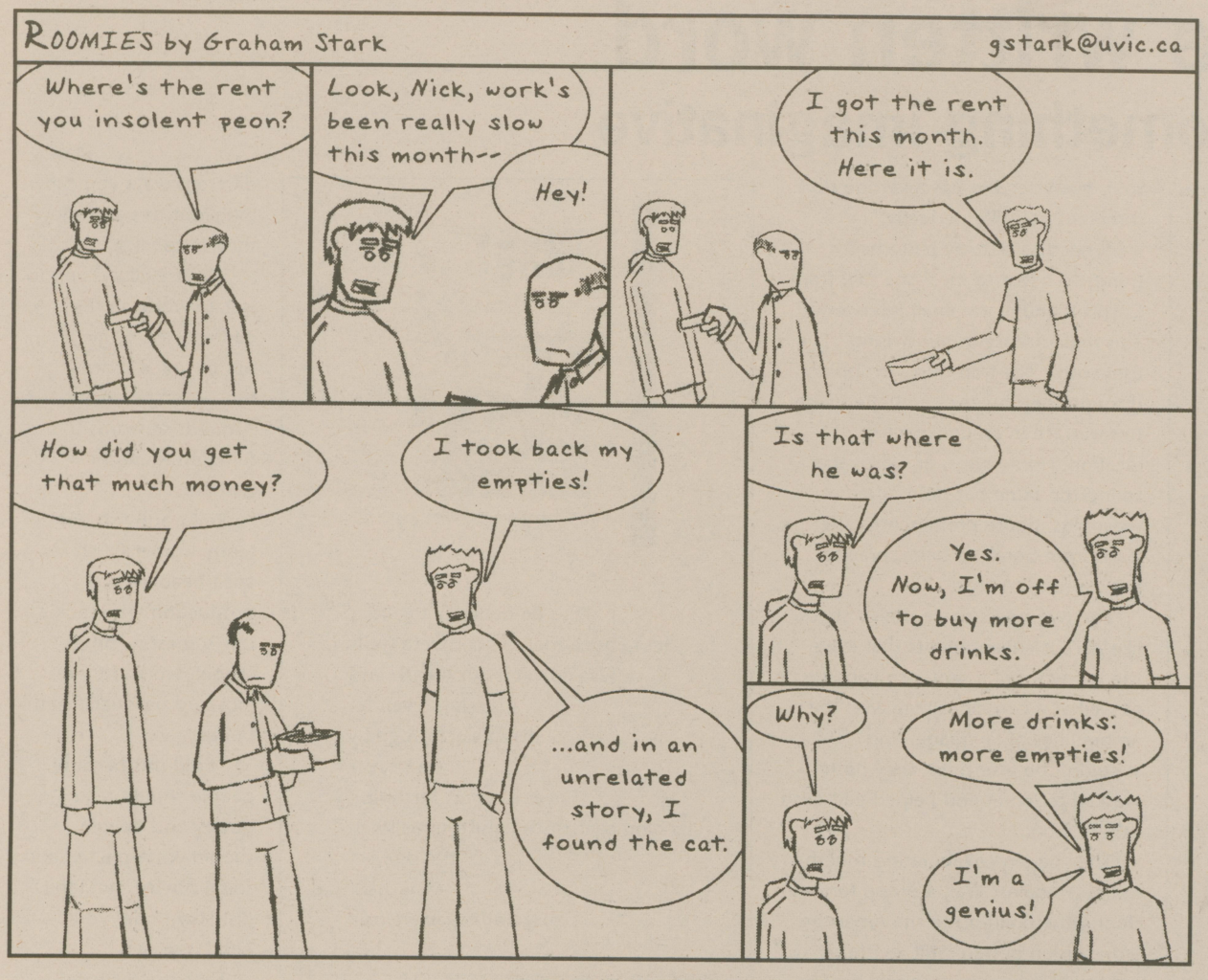
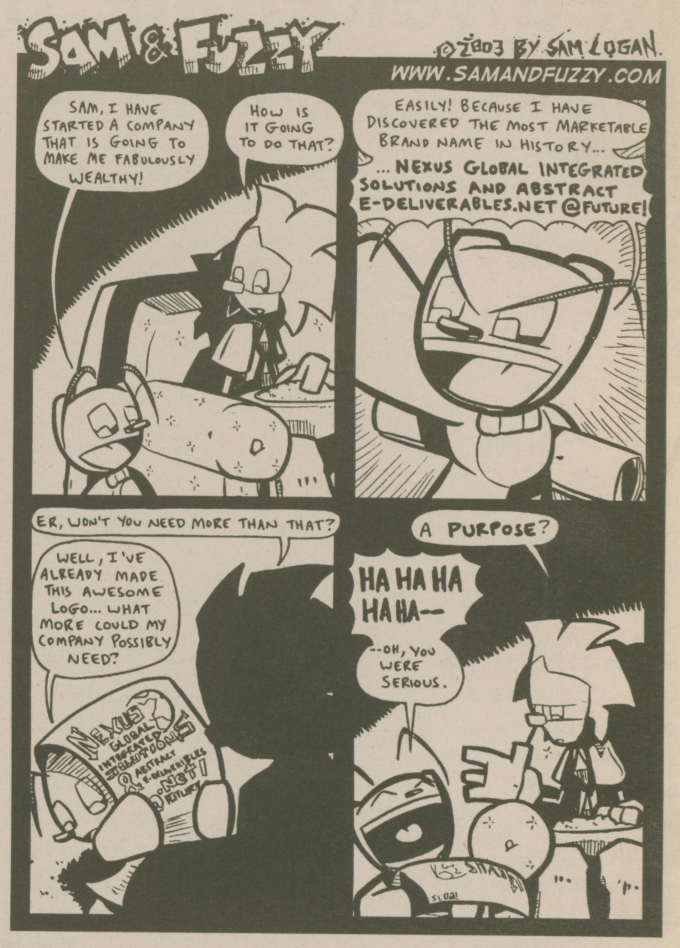
COMICS AND CLASSIFIEDS


ROOMIES by Graham Stark
gstark@uvic.ca
Where's the rent you insolent peon?
Look, Nick, work's been really slow this month--
Hey!
I got the rent this month. Here it is.
How did you get that much money?
I took back my empties!
...and in an unrelated story, I found the cat.
Is that where he was?
Yes. Now, I'm off to buy more drinks.
Why?
More drinks: more empties!
I'm a genius!


SAM & FUZZY
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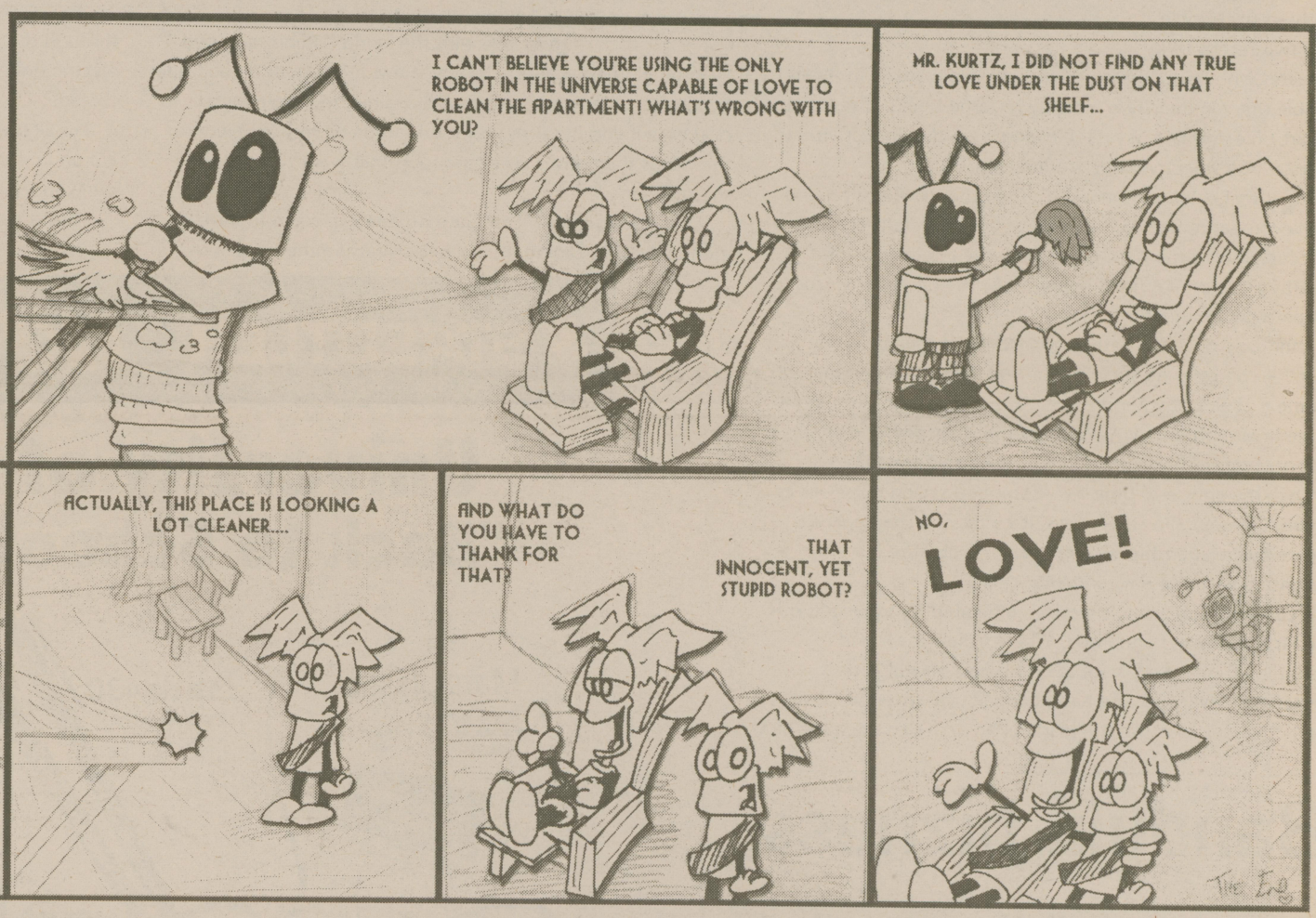
WWW.SAMANDFUZZY.COM
SAM, I HAVE STARTED A COMPANY THAT IS GOING TO MAKE ME FABULOUSLY WEALTHY!
HOW IS IT GOING TO DO THAT?
EASILY! BECAUSE I HAVE DISCOVERED THE MOST MARKETABLE BRAND NAME IN HISTORY...
...NEXUS GLOBAL INTEGRATED SOLUTIONS AND ABSTRACT E-DELIVERABLES.NET @FUTURE!
ER, WON'T YOU NEED MORE THAN THAT?
WELL, I'VE ALREADY MADE THIS AWESOME LOGO... WHAT MORE COULD MY COMPANY POSSIBLY NEED?
A PURPOSE?
HA HA HA HA HA--
--OH, YOU WERE SERIOUS.

POSTMODERN HAIRCUT

by
Jeffrey Weston

westoons@hotmail.com


I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE USING THE ONLY ROBOT IN THE UNIVERSE CAPABLE OF LOVE TO CLEAN THE APARTMENT! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
MR. KURTZ, I DID NOT FIND ANY TRUE LOVE UNDER THE DUST ON THAT SHELF...
UHH, TRY BEHIND THE FRIDGE,, SOMETIMES LOVE CAN BUILD UP THERE OVER TIME.
ACTUALLY, THIS PLACE IS LOOKING A LOT CLEANER....
AND WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO THANK FOR THAT?
THAT INNOCENT, YET STUPID ROBOT?
NO.
LOVE!

Billboards

on campus

The UVSS SSD will be holding a Special General Meeting on Wednesday, August 27th @12pm. ALL ARE WELCOME, regardless of ability! We will be electing a new executive for the constituency group, appointing a representative to the UVSS Board of Directors, and discussing future campaigns of the SSD. Snacks and beverages will be provided. For more information contact; ssd@uvss.uvic.ca or call Jude at 721-8370.

TALKING TO THE EXPERTS - THAT'S YOU! We need to talk with students who are parents for a research project entitiled Student Families. Whether you live on or off campus please attend one of our two group meetings and meet some other parents.
WHEN Monday August 25 7-8:30pm OR Wed. August 27 4-5:30pm
WHERE Family Centre in Family Student Housing; 39208-2375 Lam Circle off Finnerty Rd.
WHY We are looking at the experiences of students with families, our goal is to make UVic a more family friendly place.Can you help? Come and bring your experiences and ideas, next Monday or Wednesday.
For information contact Prof. Barbara Whittington 721-8044 or bwhittin@uvic.ca (Social Work & Family Centre). The centre is wheelchair accessible and there is an unsupervised playroom for kids.

off campus

SHINERAMA 2003
If you are interested in meeting new people come out and participate in the University of Victoria Shinerama Campaign on September 6th, 2003. Students will be out in Victoria shining shoes to raise money for Cystic Fibrosis. If you would like to be a part of the fun meet at the Law School at 9 am on Septemeber 6th.

BLUGRASS JAM, Tuesdays at the Orange Hall, 1620 Fernwood, 7:30 PM. Players of all levels welcome. Players $2, listeners free. Contact: Larry Lawrence Statland (250) 472-6483

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hey you

FOR THE CREATOR OF "PMH": I can't wait to see you tomorrow when I get to kick it Neruda-style on yo' ass. Soon, my skipper, soon, will you have your first mate back again. 'Cause God only knows what I'd be without you. (Humping the table-leg, I presume...) I'm unquestionably captivated by your charms. And the way you thrill me, I think I always will be. How I drool over you: it's no coincidence. Yes, it's your very innocence that makes me act the way I do.

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Students and Clubs - $2/issue
Non-Students - $2/line
Businesses - $5.50/3lines
+ $2/extra line

hey you! - free